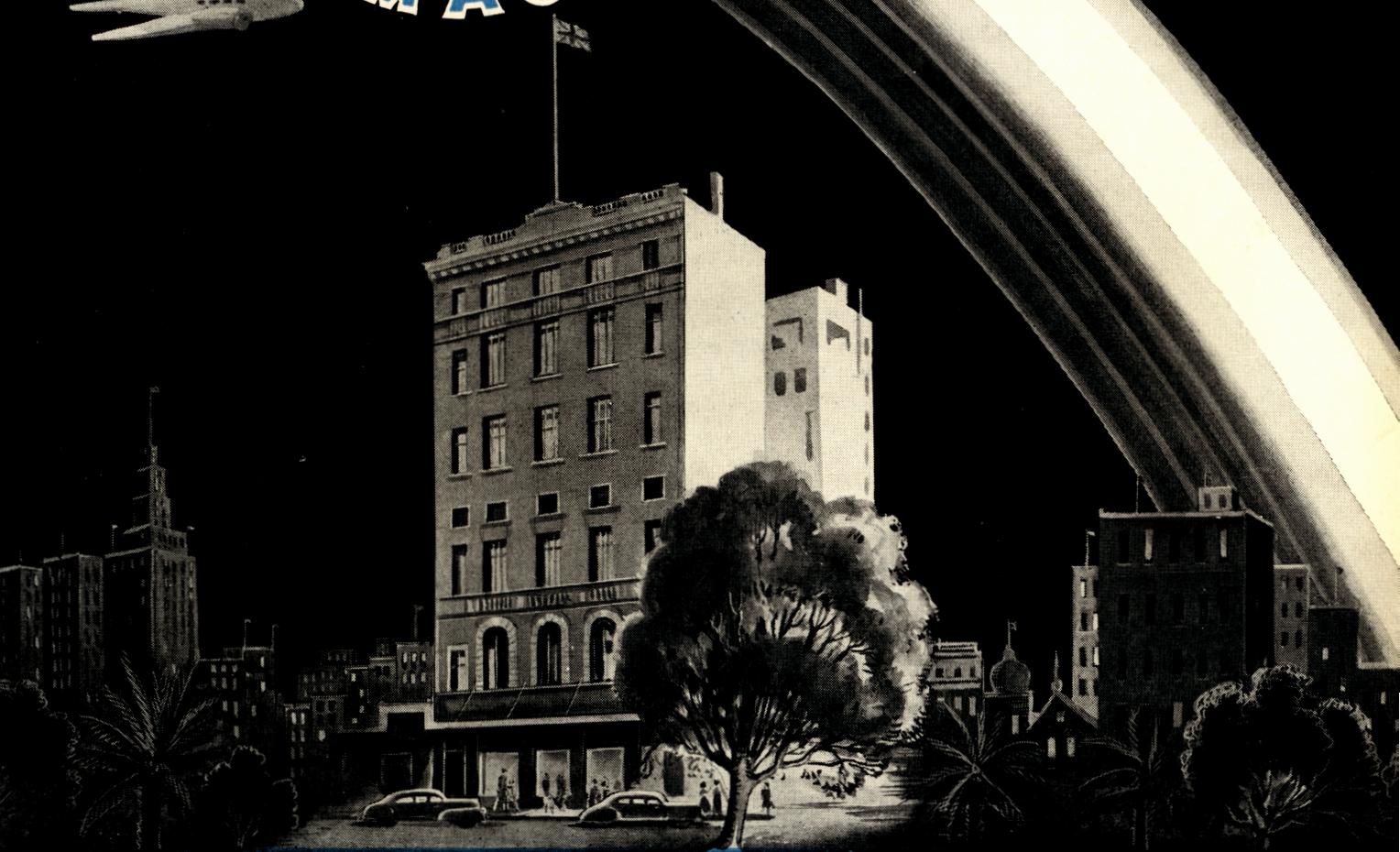


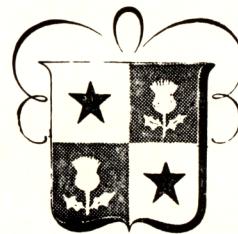
# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

THE HOUSE



OF PAYNE'S

SUGGESTS

**"A  
Good Club Man  
is a credit to his club"**

**He is a good fellow on every floor of the Club . . . in the pool . . . dining room . . . bar . . . everywhere.**

He is popular with staff members. He pays his dues and debts freely, without question. He is a good mixer, quick to praise and slow to criticise.

This is why he IS a good club man, and the club that can count many of his kind of members is a happy club.

*Which reminds me, good club men always know a "good thing" and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!*

*Payne's*  
**Seaforth**  
**PASTILLES**

*In Seven Lovely Fruity Flavors*

Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Aniseed, Pineapple and Lime

**BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF MENTHO-LYPTUS**

## "The Evergreen"

**T**HIS month registered an epochal event in club history—the 60th year of membership of Alf Genge, himself 89 years, but greeted by all as "the evergreen." Mr. Genge joined the Club on 3rd June, 1889.

There must be something exceptional in the character of a club to retain a member for so long—two generations; likewise in the character of the man there must be some exceptional quality to retain the goodwill of his fellows, to look around and discern evidence everywhere of a spirit that the years have not withered nor the seasons in long succession staled.

So it is that, while congratulating Mr. Genge, while wishing him more happy years among us, we also regard him as a shining example of the character of club life as the founders established it here, and as their successors have preserved it.

A club's character is, in fact, derived from the many-sided characters of its members, not in conflict, but, under proper direction and harmonious relationship, blended into a common conception of good conduct, making for good fellowship.

A club must have a code. A tradition, such as ours, comes with the ripening of time; but a code must be established, and respected, from the word go. Ours is a code expressed in our motto : "Honour and Friendship." This is more than an ideal; in our view, it is a reality from which there must be no deviation.

There is no place within the gates for any who cannot subscribe to that way of club life, who do not conform with the community spirit. There have been many members—the many-sided characters—of this club since its foundation in 1858. The failures have been few.

In this year of grace—60 years after his entrance—the evergreen Alf Genge remains an embodiment of the character of Tattersall's Club—what it has been, what it is, what it shall continue to be. He, therefore, is worthy of our honour; and we likewise are worthy of honour in keeping alive the good-fellowship as Alf Genge knew it two generations ago and as he experiences it, with all of us, to-day.



Established 14th May, 1858.

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

*Chairman:*

**JOHN HICKEY**

*Treasurer:*

**JOHN A. ROLES**

*Committee:*

**F. J. CARBERRY**  
**GEORGE CHIENE**  
**A. G. COLLINS**  
**A. J. MATTHEWS**

**A. V. MILLER**  
**G. J. C. MOORE**  
**W. H. SELLEN**  
**DONALD WILSON**

*Secretary:*

**M. D. J. DAWSON**

### AFFILIATED CLUBS :

**DENVER ATHLETIC CLUB** ..... Denver, U.S.A.  
**LAKE SHORE CLUB OF CHICAGO** ..... Chicago, Ill.  
**LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB** ..... Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

Allied with the **Los Angeles ATHLETIC CLUB**:

Pacific Coast Club.  
Riviera Country Club.

**OLYMPIC CLUB** ..... San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.  
**NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB** ..... New York, U.S.A.  
**TERMINAL CITY CLUB** ..... Vancouver, B.C.  
**SAN DIEGO CLUB** ..... San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.  
**ARCTIC CLUB** ..... Seattle

# The Club Man's Diary

## BIRTHDAYS

### JUNE

1st I. Green	17th Dr J. C. Bell
Norman Barrell	Allen
S. E. Armstrong	17th P. P. Hassett
2nd G. B. Murtough	18th R. A. Cullen
5th F. A. Comins	Ward
7th H. J. Robertson	19th Neil McKenna
9th S. Baker	20th F. G. Underwood
11th C. E. Young	20th C. R. Cornwell
14th S. E. Thomas	29th A. J. Genge
15th J. L. Ruthven	29th C. A. Shepherd
16th Frank E. Shepherd	

### JULY

5th Dr. W. McDonnell Kelly	17th L. Mitchell
6th J. B. Moran	19th A. H. Stocks
8th C. F. Horley	21st G. F. Wilson
11th I. E. Hives	27th J. Colquhoun
13th F. C. Belot	28th L. J. Maidment
15th W. M. Gollan	C. B. Lawler
R. C. Chapple	30th Robert Mead
A. J. Chown	31st H. Webster

C LUBMEN will not only remember W. H. Whiddon, who died on May 29, as their chairman in 1927, but as a sprightly personality who retained his sense of humour even though he ruled as Income Tax Commissioner before he moved on to the office of Director of the State Lottery. W. H. Whiddon was a man of the world, human enough to accept frailties as part of the human equipment and slow to condemn in any circumstances. As a showman he was unsurpassed.

He attracted to the lottery in its early days public attention that built the foundation of its present prosperity. He was 90 at the end.

\* \* \*

C LUB member's memory: Alfred Inkpin, who died in Newcastle last month, trained Panaere for J. Campbell Wood. In 1919 I took from Bert Bowser 250 to 1 Panaere-Kennaquhair (Epsom - Metrop.). Panaere beat the Epsom favourite, Verberry, in the Tramway Handicap, and the double shortened to 25 to 1. In the Epsom, Panaere was running fifth approaching the straight when, suddenly, its head went up in the air, and Panaere fell back to 13th and finished among the also-rans. Kennaquhair won the Metropolitan "from Randwick to Circular Quay."

The Chairman and members of the Committee send a cheerio call to members in hospital, combined with the hope for their speedy recovery.

**P**RESENCE in the Club of Duncan Parbery, greatest of Australian amateur boxers, reminded Mr. W. T. Kerr: "I was timekeeper at championship tournaments in which Duncan took part. He was trained by George Brodie, who came to our jewellery firm as an apprentice, became foreman of the workshop, and remained with us 49 years until our retirement from business."

\* \* \*

**R**EGRET was felt in all codes of football at the passing of Harry Finch, South Sydney winger and Kangaroo international in other seasons. Harry was more than a

## TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY



### SUB-COMMITTEES :

Billiards & Snooker Tournaments Committee:

J. A. Roles (Chairman), A. J. Matthews, W. Longworth, C. E. Young.

Handball Committee:

P. B. Lindsay (Hon. Secretary).

Swimming Club Committee:

J. Dexter (Hon. Secretary), A. S. Block, J. Gunton.

Bowling Club Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Patron), J. A. Roles (President), E. G. Dewdney (Vice-President), Committee: C. E. Young, C. L. Davis, Harold Hill, E. F. Krieger, E. C. Murray, Gordon H. Booth (Hon. Secretary).

Golf Club Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Patron), J. Hickey (President), W. Longworth (Vice-President), F. S. Lynch (Captain), Committee: K. L. Williams, K. F. E. Fidden, L. Moroney, R. J. Hastings; H. (Barney) Fay (Hon. Treasurer), S. Peters (Hon. Secretary).

## ELECTION OF OFFICERS

### FOR THE YEAR 1949-50

The Annual General Meeting of the Members of Tattersall's Club took place on Wednesday, 8th June, 1949, and the following Office-bearers were elected for one year as from that date:—

**Chairman:** John Hickey  
(Elected unopposed).

**Treasurer:** John A. Roles  
(Elected unopposed).

The following is the result of the Ballot held for the election of eight Members to serve on the Committee for one year:—

* Carberry, Frank J.	1,059	votes
* Chiene, George P.	1,054	"
* Collins, Alfred Gladstone	946	"
Hutcherson, Ralph	567	"
* Matthews, Arthur James	1,011	"
* Miller, Arthur Victor	831	"
* Moore, George J. C.	1,103	"
Reading, Abe S.	470	"
* Sellen, William H.	858	"
Vandenberg, Ernest W.	537	"
* Wilson, Donald	1,028	"

\* Denotes elected.

brilliant player — he played the game in the finest sporting spirit and, as the president of South Sydney League Club said in a tribute, was "one of nature's gentlemen." Harry was a brother-in-law of Arthur McCamley and was employed by S. G. Higgins, both members of this club.

\* \* \*

**B**ACK to the club family again: Dr. Ernie Marsden. After release as a prisoner of war in Malaya, he went to England and undertook a post-graduate course in his profession. The Marsden family was blessed with an addition of one recently—a daughter. The doctor thinks she will grow into the most beautiful woman in Australia.

\* \* \*

**A.** W. LAMBELL bought, at the Sheep Show, a high priced Merino ram for his Weenyar Stud, Gulargambone. Mr. Lambell is a keen patron of the turf and attends meetings when business brings him to the city.

TYICAL of the regret of members when Frank Underwood's decision to retire from the committee became known, was the surprised comment of an older member of the club family: "Why, I thought Frank was a fixture for all time." Well, Frank willed it that way, and we must agree that his was a long running as a committeeman—25 years of his 40 years' membership, during which he gave constantly of his best to serve members who reposed their confidence in him for quarter of a century. For his zeal and his good-fellowship, for his devotion to duty, we acknowledge our gratitude and extend our goodwill.



Mr. JOHN HICKEY.  
Elected Chairman, 1949.

ONE of the most exciting games in the billiards tournament was that between W. H. Longworth (100 behind) and N. R. Plomley (50 on), won by the back-marker by 12. When Plomley wanted 13 to win, Longworth required 40, but the latter unwound breaks of 21 and 16, gave his opponent a safe miss, and went to his points at next visit.

\* \* \*

STEADY GLASS, dam of Lady Kristine, recent winner at Randwick—owned by S. S. and Guy Crick—died last year at the stud of A. W. Thompson, by whom she was imported from England as a 2-year-old in 1928. Steady Glass had 14 foals.

## Bowling Club Notes

MEMBERS have been busy during the past month, having played three matches in addition to the usual weekly club games at Double Bay.

On 5th May we played four rinks from Pratten Park Club at Double Bay, and were pleased to have the opportunity of returning the hospitality of our good friends who had entertained us on two previous occasions.

**Results:** Gibbs, Mitchell, Barmby, Eaton (Tatts.), 18; Jackson, Purdie, Robinson, Bleach (P.P.), 11. Young, Silk, McIntosh, Hill (Tatts.), 23; Edgar, Cheddell, Skelton, Warman (P.P.), 20. Pointing, Plasto, Chatterton, Roles (Tatts.), 16; Gibbs, Jones, Carruthers, McEvoy (P.P.), 21. Bavinton, Broadbent, Dewdney, Booth (Tatts.), 29; Warren, Dunston, N. Jones, Whitehead (P.P.), 10.

Totals. Tatts. 86, Pratten Park 62.

On 12th May we played four rinks from the newly formed Royal Automobile Club of Australia at Double Bay. President Jack Roles extended a hearty welcome to our visitors and a very good game and enjoyable afternoon was spent.

**Results:** Young, McDonald, Booth, Traversi (Tatts.), 22; Dr. Adair, Bailey, W. Cullen-Ward, Seougall (R.A.C.A.), 14. Abbott, Broadbent, McIntosh, Davis (Tatts.), 27; Kerr, Conley, Rose, Bowe (R.A.C.A.), 20. Bavinton, Ball, Dewdney, Bloomfield (Tatts.), 23; Kinch, Hawley, Goold, Lockwood (R.A.C.A.), 20. Dwyer, Williams, Chatterton, Roles (Tatts.), 14; Mirow, Reeves, Witts, Thomas (R.A.C.A.), 23.

Totals. Tatts. 86, R.A.C.A. 77.

Roscoe Ball, playing No. 2 for Alf Bloomfield, was in very good form.

On 19th May we visited Marrickville Club as the guests of City Tat-

She was by Steadfast from Glass Bell by John o'Gaunt.

S. S. Crick will retain Lady Kristine — named after Kristine, his granddaughter—for his stud.

tersall's Bowling Club. A hearty and jovial luncheon was enjoyed after which the game proceeded in keen but friendly rivalry. The standard of play was the highest we have encountered so far and it is pleasing to see the improving form of our members.

**Results:** Bavinton, Williams, Chatterton, Hill (Tatts.), 21; Clay, Horrison, Hall, Woodhouse (City Tatts.), 17. Jones, Gibbs, Roles, Bloomfield (Tatts.), 28; Duffy, Hole, Galvin, Richards (City Tatts.), 14. Ball, Abbott, Silk, Catts (Tatts.), 10;



Mr. J. A. ROLES.  
Elected Treasurer, 1949.

O'Regan, Upcroft, King, Porter (City Tatts.), 28. Young, McDonald, Eaton, Davis (Tatts.), 17; Bradshaw, O'Neill, Josselyn, Truman (City Tatts.), 18. Irwin, Broadbent, Booth, Traversi (Tatts.), 26; Stradbroke, Hayman, K. Jones, E. Jones (City Tatts.), 14.

Totals: Tattersalls 102, City Tattersalls 91.

"My husband is frightfully rundown," confided a woman to the family physician. "What's the matter?" asked the doctor. "Has he business worries?" "Oh, no, it can't be that," she replied, "his business has just been wound up."

# Swimming Pool Splashes

## Sherman's Monthly Trophy

THOUGH Jack Shaffran still leads the field in the battle for Bill Kirwan's "Native Son" Trophy for the most points scored during the season, Bruce Chiene, who had led until a bad shoulder caused him to miss a few races, has reduced the lead and is now only 4½ points astern.

Harry Davis has moved up from fifth to third place, Peter Lindsay from equal sixth to fourth and Stuart Murray from eighth to sixth, but Clive Hoole has dropped back to seventh and Dave Hunter from equal second to fifth.

Much can happen between now and the end of the season, at the end of July, and with only 12½ points between first and seventh men the contest is most interesting.

There will be two monthly series in June and July, and then the boys will be turned out for a spell, enlivened by the Swimming Club's Annual Ball in September.

Bill Sherman won the April-May Point Score trophy after it looked as if Bill Dovey had snatched it from Harry Davis. Sherman has improved a lot in the last month and is still going ahead.

The most popular event of the month was a great go between the limit men, R. L. Richards and George Goldie. For once George was handing someone a start as he gave Richards, who was having his first start of the season, a couple of seconds. At the turn the two triers were almost together, but Richards put in a great finish and just landed the bacon.

Handicapper John Gunton took pity on some poor performances by Bruce Chiene and Arthur McCamley and gave them each an extra second. The worst happened (for the others) when they drew each other in a Brace Relay. Needless to say they won handsomely and then, to rub it in, they both won heats in the next event. You can bet the handicapper has dropped them back whence they came.

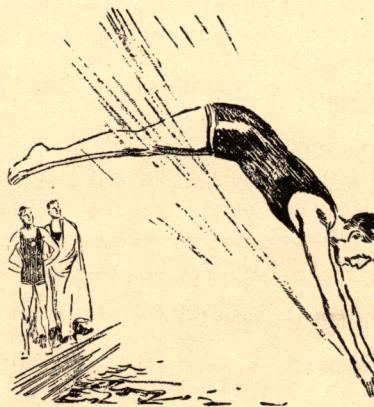
Bill Kendall will have set out for

overseas by the time these notes are published but he gave a taste of his metal in the last race he contested by taking a heat in the snappy time of 18 secs.

Malcolm Fuller got amongst the stars when he won a final in 20 secs., his speediest dash to date.

Congratulations to Neil Barrell who has joined the married men and returned from his honeymoon in time to swim a close third in his first heat.

Club Committeeman Alf. G. Collins has been enjoying the racing in the Pool quite a lot during the past few months and has donated a trophy for competition by the swimmers.



There appears to be no lack of interest in the racing as the season progresses and there's certainly no lack of form. On May 24 a record was hung up when no less than five heat winners bettered their handicap times enough to be docked a second each.

Best times during the month were:—18 secs., W. Kendall; 20, 20-2/5, 20½ and 21 secs., M. Fuller; 21 secs., W. N. Williams; 21-1/5 secs., B. Chiene; 21-3/5 secs., H. E. Davis and P. Hill.

## Results

April 26, 40 Yards Handicap:—M. Fuller (21), 1; P. Lindsay (24), 2; C. Hoole (23) and H. E. Davis (22), 3. Time 20-2/5 secs.

May 3, 80 yards Brace Relay Handicap:—S. Murray and P. Lindsay

(48), 1; W. Kendall and G. Boulton (42), 2; W. K. Sherman and C. Chatterton (53), 3. Time 47-1/5 secs.

May 10, 40 yards Handicap:—1st Division—M. Fuller (21), 1; P. Lindsay (24), 2; W. M. Williams (21), 3. Time 20 secs. 2nd Division—R. L. Richards (36), 1; G. Goldie (34), 2; H. E. Davis (22), 3. Time 34-2/5 secs.

May 17, 80 yards Brace Relay Handicap:—A. McCamley and B. Chiene (51), 1; H. E. Davis and J. Shaffran (45), 2; G. Boulton and D. B. Hunter (49), 3. Time 49-1/5 secs.

## April-May Point Score

Final Results: W. K. Sherman, 19½; W. G. Dovey, 19; H. E. Davis, 18½; P. Lindsay and C. Hoole, 17; S. Murray and J. Shaffran, 16½; C. B. Phillips, 16; W. Kendall and C. Chatterton, 15; A. K. Webber, 14; J. O. Dexter and S. B. Solomon, 13½; D. B. Hunter, 13; Neil Barrell, 12; A. McCamley and M. Fuller, 11.

## May Point Score

With one race and a final to complete it, the leaders in this series were:—A. McCamley and H. E. Davis, 17; B. Chiene, 16; G. Goldie, 14½; J. Shaffran and P. Lindsay, 14; S. Murray, 13; M. Fuller, D. B. Hunter and W. K. Sherman, 12; C. B. Phillips, 11; A. K. Webber and W. B. Phillips, 10.

## "Native Son" Point Score

Up to and including 24th April the leading scorers in this series for total points scored during the season were:—J. Shaffran, 110½; B. Chiene, 106; H. E. Davis, 104½; P. Lindsay, 103½; D. B. Hunter, 102; S. Murray, 99½; C. Hoole, 98; A. McCamley, 93; C. B. Phillips, 89; C. Chatterton, 86½; A. K. Webber, 86; Neil Barrell, 82; M. Fuller, 80; G. Goldie, 77; M. Sellen, 76; J. O. Dexter, 71½; W. K. Sherman, 71½; W. Kendall, 70½; G. Boulton, 67½; S. Lorking, 65; W. G. Dovey, 58½; S. B. Solomon, 58½; W. B. Phillips, 56; G. Christmas, 54½; B. Hodgson, 50½; D. Wilson, 49; N. P. Murphy, 47½; W. M. Williams, 43; K. Hunter, 42; J. W. Miller, 40.

# Easy Wins in Club's Randwick Double

THE disappointing weather conditions also affected barrier line-ups and the scratching pen was freely used. However, the main double provided two interesting contests. In past years the James Barnes Plate attracted some of the best horses in training. Latest of the series proved a soft snap for Air Flare, ridden by N. Selwood. Air Flare carried too many guns for the younger pacemaker, Iolanda, raced by Clubman Tom Cook. Jack Thompson tried to lead all the way on Iolanda but in the final furlong Air Flare finished on too strongly.

Another Clubman, Bill Dunlop, was sanguine of success with Silver Link, racing in the colours of Mrs. Dunlop, but the veteran galloper, a noted mudlark, finished a modest third after being close enough to the lead at the home turn, but he simply wasn't good enough.

Absence of Titanie, Kerry Lad, and Johnny Zero, the last-named through injury, robbed the race of keener speculation and competition,

❖ Weather conditions were most unfavourable for the May meeting of Tattersall's Club at Randwick. Thousands of intending patrons stayed away when race morning broke dull, threatening, and, in some suburbs, showery. The track was in a heavy state, but keen racing was order of the day.

but the Club executive realised it had to take the good with the bad and it is hopeful of better luck with its next Randwick fixture later in the year when its September 10 date is to be devoted to the Red Cross.

Air Flare hadn't won a race for the best part of 12 months but his victory in the Plate was anticipated and a change of luck following seconds at his two prior starts. Now a 6-year-old, Air Flare formerly raced in Perth. He has also won in Brisbane, so he is a much travelled galloper, and one of no mean ability.

Backers were also on the spot in the Flying Handicap as they made Trover favourite and he was in the leading division all the way clearing

out over the final furlong to a well merited victory. A hardy type of aged gelding by Law Maker (imp.), he has been a regular winner at Sydney meetings and there seems many more in store for him yet.

Fourth at his prior start, he had shown takers of the odds that he was fast approaching best form. Riptide was easily beaten into second place. On his best day Riptide would have made short work of the opposition with only 8 stone to carry. Midwise, another three-year-old, was a moderate third.

Half a dozen scratchings reduced the field in class and the mudlarks were in their element. Time for the race, 1.17, indicated the state of the going. Air Flare took 2.17½ to run the mile and a quarter of the James Barnes Plate.

Club executive was roundly congratulated for having kept faith with the public, owners, trainers, and others associated with the turf. It was just hard luck the weather wasn't kind.



Official Guests at luncheon with Members of the Committee at the May Race Meeting.

# UNIQUE BILLIARD GAMES

IN a game of billiards of 100 up, played in the club, the board read: Alec Buckle, 99; Ron Raffray, 98. Ron, failing to watch the score-board, played a safety shot—a miss in baulk—thus presenting the game to his opponent.

THAT reminded Alf. Genge: In a billiards tournament (250 up) played in the old club, scores were: Andy Flanagan, 249; Charlie Warne, 249. Warne, unheeding the marker's call, played a safe miss—despite the cries of his backers

when they observed his purpose—and, of course, Flanagan won. Warner's concentration resulted in his being oblivious of the marker's call or the warning shouts of others.

MR. GENGE recalled another game in a tournament in the old club between George Kiss (105 on) and Mick Barrington (scratch). Barrington had drawn level with 100 to go and was, of course, odds on. The miracle happened, however. George Kiss hung on, got the lucky break, and ran out a winner.

## MIDDLE AGE

WE all have to face the inevitable physical deterioration which sets in when we reach the second half of life. To some this is brought home by gathering wrinkles, to some by thinning hair, to some by diminishing energy and to some by increasing plumpness.

Up to a point these symptoms may have to be resisted and treated, but in most cases little more can be done than to try to slow down the ageing

process. To worry unduly about these symptoms is in itself more serious than the fact of leaving youth behind. It is foolish and futile to waste any part of life in hankering after another and different stage of development.

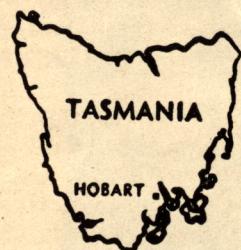
The onset of middle age is not a tragedy.

Living gracefully is a great art, and the first fundamental lesson in acquiring that art is that we must accept ourselves as we are, and take life as it comes.

MR. S. E. CHATTERTON'S fortune in the racing game has been a mixed bag. He is hoping for the best about his Mr. Standfast colt, Stanico, which fell in a race trial. Grand Fils' great wins atoned for much misfortune; but there was Barak, which ran third in a Doncaster and which possibly would have won had it not had to jump over a horse that had fallen. Later, Barak developed an internal complaint. Flaxton, from which much was expected, broke a leg in its first race as a two-year-old. Then a promising mare in Cigarette was lost to racing through ill-luck; likewise Scarlet Ranger. However, Mr. Chatterton is in the game for sport and accepts Fortune's raps cheerfully.

\* \* \*

INCIDENT of the Marathon race (26 miles) at the Olympic Games: "Tad Yugal, of America, finishing 14th, completing the last lap, then standing to attention while the band played 'The Star Spangled Banner' to celebrate some victory in another event."



## TATTERSALL'S 1949 Melbourne Cup Consultation

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# OLYMPIC TIMING

## Human v. Mechanical

**H**AROLD ABRAHAMS, former British Olympic Sprinter—winner of the 100 metres—wrote in the official magazine of the British Olympic Association, that the photo-finish camera combined with a timing apparatus of proved accuracy, should be used at Helsinki for the 1952 Olympic Games. Further:

"Very often the judge has a simple task because of the distance between the runners, but the timekeeper must endeavour to record the exact moment when a man reaches the finish.

"Now, whatever the prejudices against some form of mechanical timing, it is not to be questioned that a scientific instrument will eliminate all the factors which can contribute to human error.

"What operations has the human timekeeper to perform? He sees the flash from the starter's pistol, and the realisation of the flash leads to the pressing of the starting mechan-

ism in the watch. What delay in fractions of a second the carrying out of those operations involves I do not know, but it obviously takes some time. Equally, at the finish, the timekeeper sees the runner reach the finish line and then stops his watch. Again, there must inevitably be some error judged from the standard of absolute accuracy (if there is such a thing). Moreover, the reflexes of human beings vary enormously, and the degree of fatigue at the end of a long afternoon's work, the weather, and other considerations all add to the degree of error.

"Apart from these human mistakes, there is, too, the limitations of the watch. Sprint races are timed to one-tenth of a second, and the one-tenth watch either shows, say, 10 seconds watch moves by a series of jerks. The dead or 10.1—nothing in between. But in one-tenth of a second a champion sprinter will move about 42 inches (1.07 metres).

"Two men timed over 100 yds. (91.44 metres), each clocks 10 secs., yet it is possible that one man is, in fact, over a yard faster than the other. The first may have reached the finish just as the hand of the stop-watch reached the 10 second mark, and the second just before the watch moved on to the 10.1 sec. mark. Yet the watch in each case showed 10 seconds.

"It is equally true to say that the first man may have reached the finish just before the watch moved from 10 seconds to 10.1, and the second man just as the watch has moved on to 10.1. There would only be four inches difference between the actual performance of these two runners and yet one would have clocked 10 seconds, the other 10.1."

Some men can't get along without a woman—until they get one.

\* \* \*

Research is an organised method of finding out what you are going to do when you can't keep on doing what you are doing now.

## YATTENDON MEMORY

MEMBERS of the National Trust of Australia visited Fernhill, Mulgoa, historic home of the Cox family. Grant of the property was made in 1810. The homestead, still in a remarkable state of preservation, bears the date 1842 over the main entrance (George King wrote in "S.M. Herald").

When Edward Cox's son, Edward King Cox, took over the property on his father's death, Fernhill became noted for its bloodstock. Yattendon, famous Australian-bred sire, winner of the first Sydney Cup in 1866, was bought in 1868 for 1,500 guineas, and he stood at the head of the stud for 12 years, when he died. The horse was buried on the property.

Yattendon sired Chester and Grand Flaneur, also Javelin, winner of the A.J.C. Derby, in 1871. Poitrel, winner of the Melbourne Cup in 1920, was a direct descendant of Yattendon.

## SPECIAL FLIGHTS

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#### Monday, July 11th—

(Regular Flight)

Depart Sydney	10.00 a.m.
Arrive Grafton	12.15 p.m.
Depart Grafton	2.30 p.m.
Arrive Sydney	4.45 p.m.

#### Wednesday, July 13th—

Depart Sydney	8.00 a.m.
Arrive Grafton	10.15 a.m.
Depart Grafton	5.00 p.m.
Arrive Sydney	7.15 p.m.

#### Thursday, July 14th—

Depart Sydney	8.00 a.m.
Arrive Grafton	10.15 a.m.
Depart Grafton	5.00 p.m.
Arrive Sydney	7.15 p.m.

#### Friday, July 15th—

(Regular Flight)

Depart Sydney	10.00 a.m.
Arrive Grafton	12.15 p.m.
Depart Grafton	2.30 p.m.
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# CLUB WELCOME TO MAORIS

TRUE to its tradition of fostering amateur sport and of extending the hand of friendship to amateur sportsmen, Tattersall's Club welcomed the visiting team of Maori footballers in May.

The Chairman (Mr. S. E. Chatterton) said: "We welcome you as friends as well as sportsmen, and as citizens of a sister Dominion. You are members of a noble race and you have won our respect on and off the field on the occasion of your visits. You play the game in the best spirit and we know that you will retain that fine reputation whatever the result of the games may be."

Mr. Justice Herron, speaking as president of the N.S.W. Rugby Union, paid a tribute to the sportsmanship of all Maori teams which had visited Australia. "As for the present team," he added, "nobody could wish to meet a more decent lot of fellows."

Mr. Justice Herron informed the Maoris: "Tattersall's Club is a great sporting club—sporting in the spirit of the game you play."

Mr. S. B. Heather, manager of the visitors said that his team would leave an impression just as good as any of its predecessors to which graceful tributes had been paid.

Mr. Tom French, coach of the team, who lost an arm in World War I, said his boys would do their best and would hope that the best team would win.

The Maoris gave their war cry as a finale.

## Champions at Rugger

Mr. Justice Herron, Chairman of N.S.W. Rugby Union, made the following observations:—

Maoris are welcome visitors, not only because they represent a fine virile race from our sister Dominion,

N.Z., but they are among the world's greatest footballers.

Rugby was natural to their war like ancestry and is natural to the present generation. Their record proves it.

In 1889 came the famous Warbrick side. It contained 5 Warbricks: "F. W.," Joe (Captain), "W.," backs, and Alf and Arthur forwards.

Portion of the famous team which toured Great Britain played 15 matches in Australia. It won, not 12, as stated by one speaker, but 15. 100 per cent.! Three teams fielded 18 men and several others 17 and 16 a side.

On then to 1910 side with A. Takarangi, Captain, and Managed by Ned Parata, a great Maori.

This team won 7 out of 11 matches played.

1913 again saw the full back Captain, Takarangi, and W. T. Parata together to play 8 matches to lose 3 only.

1923 we had another visit with J. Turlia as Captain. Harry Tanered played for N.S.W. against them and, lastly, George Nepia's team, which won 9 out of 11 matches in 1935.

Famous Billy Wallace was coach. No wonder they did so well.

George Nepia was considered equal to or better than Dr. Ross as a full back in that decade.

A man hopes his lean years are behind him—a woman hopes hers are ahead.

\* \* \*

Many a person has an excellent aim in life, but no ammunition.

\* \* \*

A bank is an institution where you can borrow money provided you can submit evidence to show you don't need money.

## HORSE RACING IN BRITAIN

### Centenary of an Important Event

THIS year's horse racing season in Britain is now in full swing. By tradition it is inaugurated each year with races at Lincoln. The programme includes the famous Lincolnshire Handicap which has just celebrated its centenary.

Racing at Lincoln has, however, been going on much longer than one hundred years. The registers of the City Corporation contain an entry dated 1597 authorising certain charges in connection with a horse race. Another entry records the visit by King James I to a great horse race at Lincoln. But it was not until 1680 that races were held regularly every year.

Horse racing in Britain goes back much further even than is shown by these ancient archives. It was a popular form of sport during the days when the Roman authorities were administering the country as a province of Rome's wide Empire. There are historical records of organised races more than seventeen centuries ago being held at a spot where steeplechases are still run to-day.

### Unique Spectacle of Sporting Life

Racing in Britain is controlled by a certain authority called the Jockey Club which was first formed 200 years ago. What is perhaps the most famous horse race in the world is run each year at Epsom in June. This is the Derby, which has become not only a characteristic British institution, but one of Britain's greatest outdoor festivals.

It is a national event which links the whole country in one compelling interest. Even those who do not normally follow racing place bets on this race. For those actually at the course, it provides a vivid and colourful spectacle of sporting life in Britain that is recognised as unique . . . "United Kingdom Information Service."

A chip on the shoulder indicates wood higher up.

\* \* \*

Every man knows that a woman's promise to be on time carries a lot of wait.

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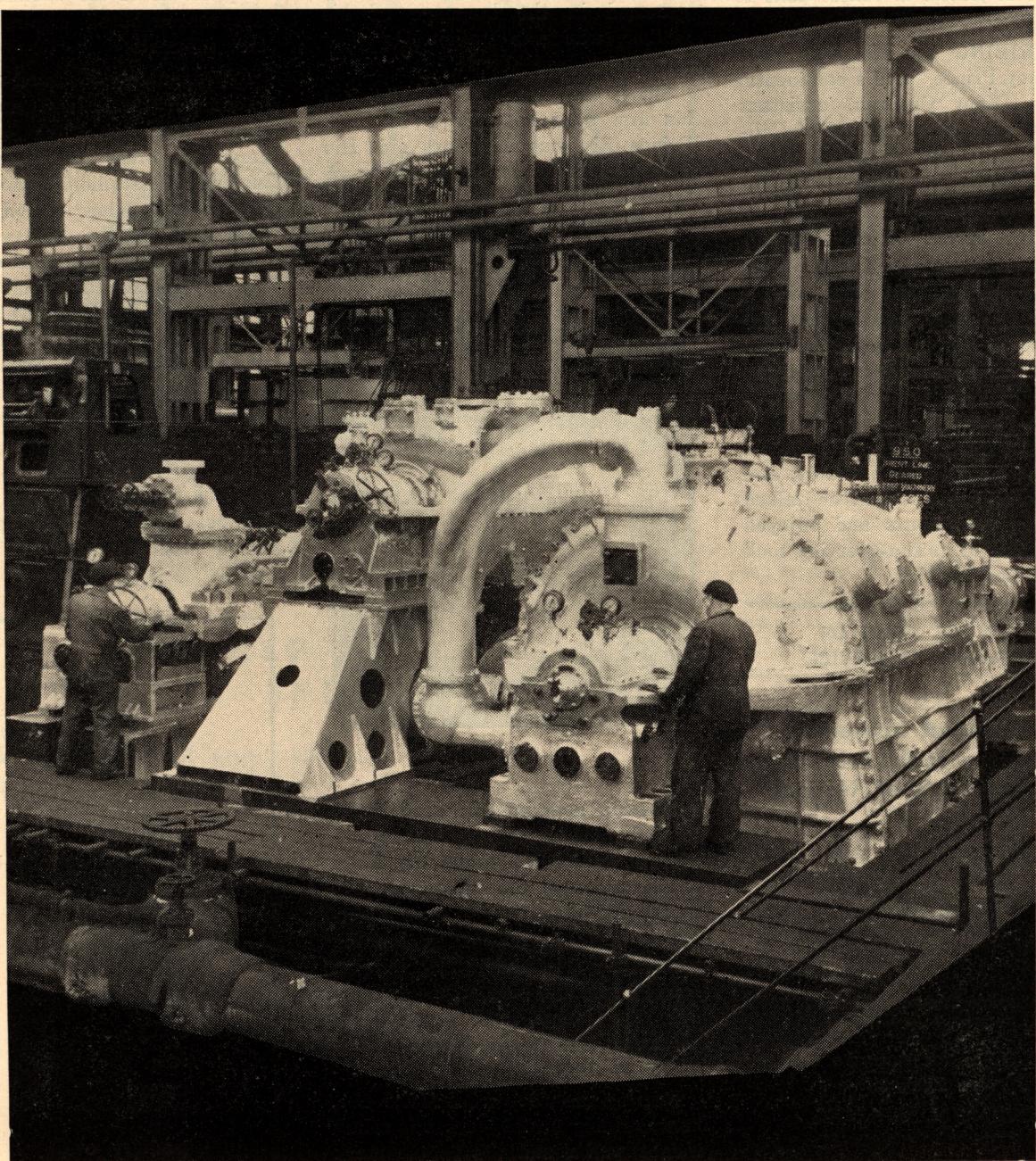
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# No Blackouts Here!



Engines of new Orient liner T.S.S. *Orcades*, 31,000 tons. One of the two sets of propelling machinery on test bed in engine shop at the works of Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd., Barrow-in-Furness. Collective shaft horsepower equals 42,500. The total steam producing capacity (52,000 H.P.) in *Orcades* will approximate that of the light and power generating plants of 13 towns of the size of Wagga or Goulburn, N.S.W.

# Prince Ali Khan knows his Horses

Prince Aly Khan is a name much in the limelight in recent months, but Australians have little knowledge of this son of the Aga Khan, who certainly knows his horses. He has ridden many winners in amateur events and some against professional jockeys in various parts of Europe and in England.

DESCRIBING Aly Khan as "The Jockey Prince," and a continental turfman, Kent Cochran, assistant editor of the "Thoroughbred of California" magazine, wrote some interesting facts about this world publicised racing man.

For the benefit of members the story is condensed to give the more important points. Aly Khan visited the U.S.A. a few months ago and gave one of his rare interviews. At 37 he is general manager of probably the world's greatest breeding establishment, and though he controls eight stud farms in two different countries, he does the job ably, and with ease. With Cochran he talked horses for two hours and enjoyed every minute of it. The interview took place at Los Angeles.

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The Prince speaks English so fluently that few in his presence realise he was for the most part educated in France. He also speaks French like a resident of Paris, and is well groomed in the language of his mother, who was Italian. He grew up with thoroughbreds.

When the Aga Khan established his first stud near Paris in 1913, Prince Aly was 12 years old. His first lessons in horsemanship came from an American, William B. Duke, who then trained for the Aga Khan. For many years he had been with Mr. William K. Vanderbilt but that



The Aga Khan.

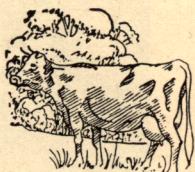
sportsman sold out his stud. Duke trained hundreds of winners of important events. He taught Aly Khan to ride and soon had him astride gallopers. At 16 the youngster was riding in amateur events on the big tracks of Paris, and in England. He rode 98 winners, both on the flat and over the jumps, and in point to point contests, mostly on horses owned by his father.

Barring the war period (1939-45), he was riding for 20 years. His riding weight was round the 9stone mark prior to the war, but he gradually put on poundage and is now about 10 stone 10 lbs. He had several topes and once broke his left leg. Three times he won the Grand Prix des Gentlemen (amateur Derby of France).

The Aga Khan and his son operate

five stud farms in Ireland and three in France. From his palatial home in the south of France the father advises Aly in his work as general manager of the stud farms. Now aged 72, the Aga Khan rarely leaves his favourite residence, but he knows every stroke of the workings of his vast thoroughbred empire and his other interests.

Approximately 90 brood mares are maintained in Ireland and 20 in France. The Aga Khan is also interested in other stud properties in England. The stallions owned or syndicated, a popular method in most parts of the world these days, include Stardust, Dastur, Turkham and Field Day in Ireland; and Bois Roussel (Derby winner), Migoli, Tehran, and Mirza II in England. All these are syndicated. In France, Avenger, winner of the Grand Prix de Paris in 1947, is the leading sire. He is owned by Aly Khan. Other sires at the stud in France include Umidad, Souverain, and the better known to Australians, My Love. The Aga Khan has a half interest in the last named.



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## FAMOUS VOICES

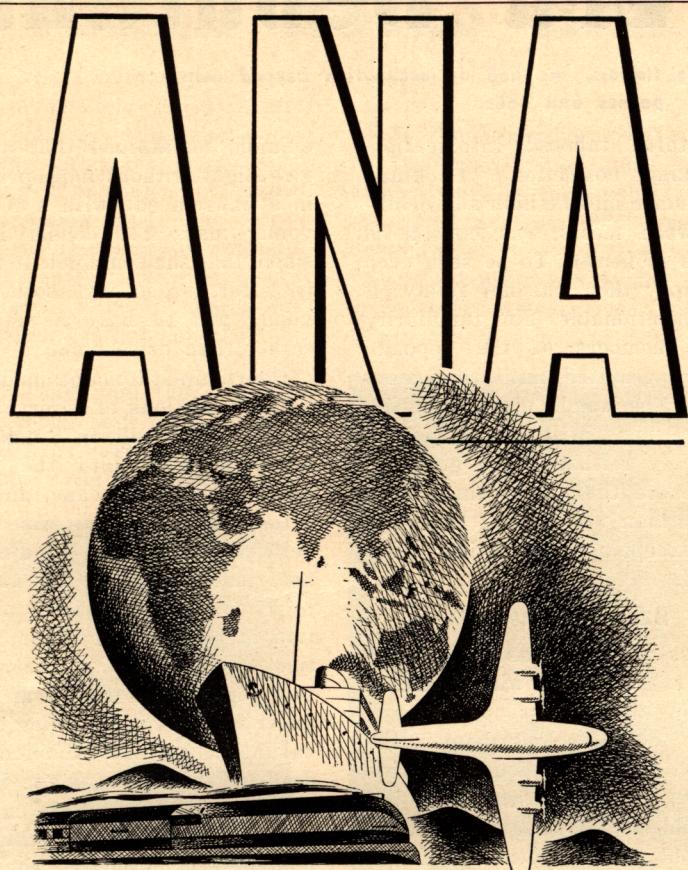
A NY DAY now G. Robert Vincent, a merry-eyed gnome of a man who has listened to more famous voices than any other person in history, will hop into his car with a recording apparatus, and, as he does each year, go calling on scientists, statesmen, authors, artists, industrial magnates and other Who's Who folk. The voices he bags will enrich his unique Voice Library at Yale University.

Vincent's hall of fame on wax fills many needs. Drama classes, for instance, study records of monologues by Sarah Bernhardt and Edwin Booth. Spencer Tracy, before portraying Edison, studied Vincent's discs of the inventor, and Helen Hayes briefed herself from records of Queen Victoria for her stage play about the British queen.

Listening to the voices of departed celebrities is an uncanny experience. Mark Twain's voice is curiously reminiscent of Jack Benny, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, is a vocal double for Nigel Bruce, who plays the cinema version of Dr. Watson. P. T. Barnum sounds as flamboyant as a midway barker. Most moving is the voice of Florence Nightingale at seventy, shrill, wavering, full of emotion:

Vincent often swaps voices with other collectors. He got a Rudyard Kipling for an Edison, and a Lord Kitchener for a General Pershing. A German admiral got him a rare record made by Franz Joseph, but Vincent got it cheap—indeed, he has never paid more than five dollars for any record. Still on his wanted list are records by Jenny Lind and Alfred Tennyson. They exist, but he doesn't know where.

The most unusual record in Vincent's collection was made in London fifty-eight years ago by Kenneth Landfrey, the bugler for the Light Brigade, who sounded the call for the charge at Balaklava in October, 1854, and became one of the survivors of the immortal Six Hundred. In 1890 Landfrey recorded the charge on a wax cylinder, using the same bugle he had carried into the "Valley of Death." The fragile wax cylinder cracked before Vincent could record it, but the charge rings out clearly, nevertheless.



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# Victorian Era Debutante

Except for shopping and doing flowers, she had no occupation beyond going to parties and balls.

IN the spring of 1896 I was presented to the Queen. Drawing-rooms in those days were held in the morning and at dawn the hair-dresser began her work. Woman's Crowning Glory was puffed high and wide a la Pompadour, surmounted by the traditional three feathers and tulle veil. My dress of white satin carried a train of white brocade lined with silver tissue and my bouquet was of lilies of the valley.

There was a tedious wait at Buckingham Palace among the debutantes and dowagers, then a rustle and stir. I followed my mother in the procession; my name was called; my train outspread; the curtsey, for which so many dancing classes had prepared me, performed; the podgy little royal hand just breathed upon, and all was over. I was "out."

Being out meant that instead of a merry schoolroom tea with my sisters I now dined formally with my parents. A yawning maid sat up to unlace my tight evening dress, and except for shopping and doing the flowers, I had now no occupation beyond going to parties and balls.

My first ball was a large affair given by two fashionable hostesses at the Grafton Galleries. My mother, who had been an invalid for years, knew nobody in the room; and for several dances I stood beside her, trying to look as though I did not mind. Then in the distance I recognised a face. It belonged to a Mr. Somers Beaton, who two years previously had escorted me round the grounds of a country house. Now he introduced himself to my mother and asked me to dance.

The Viennese, or hoppy, valse was in fashion and dancers bounded tip-toe along the floor with the speed of antelopes. Mr. Beaton's progress was sedate. To a Strauss valse, performed with intoxicating brio by the Blue Hungarian Band, he ambled me cautiously down the room. Red-faced, elderly (he must have been quite forty), and a little stout, Mr. Beaton was not the ideal partner.

Up to 1914 correct Society main-

tained three taboos: Intoxication, love-making, cosmetics. Cocktails had not come into fashion and drinking between meals was considered injurious to health. To be seen even mildly tipsy then was not funny: it was unmentionable. No familiarity between members of the opposite sex was permitted until they were engaged. The hands clasped during the dance must, at its conclusion, be immediately released. The girl who danced more than three times with the same man was "fast." Christian names, except among relatives, were not used.

## Ban on Cosmetics

No less absolute was the ban on cosmetics. The woman who "painted" must be an actress or Worse. ("Worse" could be looked up in the dictionary but not pronounced). Lips might be softened with salve but never reddened. Powder was used on babies, but not on grown-ups. I well remember how at a house party that great hostess the Lady Boadicea Caerlyon came into the breakfast-room, her formidable features grimly set. "I have found," she said in awful accents, "an article in the bathroom that belongs to no member of my family. Perhaps its owner will claim it." With the gesture of one handling a grenade she placed on the table a minute powder puff. No lady present had the hardihood to own up.

At my next ball things went better. It was given in Eaton Square and immediately several young men introduced themselves to my mother; soon my programme was full. Dances consisted of valses, polkas, the pas de quatre, two sets of Lancers, and a final gallop. I enjoyed dancing, and fortunately for me the interval between the dances was brief.

After this dance my mother deputed chaperonage to friends, and when my sister came out we went together unattended. Between my mother and the leading London matrons a furious controversy now raged. My mother, who represented advanced

opinion, maintained that a sensible girl might without impropriety drive in a hansom cab with a respectable young man; the conservatives insisted that she could not. It was surely safer, urged my mother, for a young girl to have a male escort rather than drive alone.

Courtship still maintained its Trollopian traditions of reserve. The aspirant would call on Sunday afternoon, bringing into the drawing-room his top-hat, cane, and gloves; after which, if his suit was favoured, he would be invited to dinner. The next move would be for his mother to leave cards and send an invitation in return; and so on, until the time ripened for an interview with the young lady's father and the request for her hand. During the interval the young lady exhibited, and indeed, often felt, complete ignorance of her suitor's state of mind; and the proposal, launched with no preliminary endearments, was often a complete surprise.

To the modern girl such repressions and restraints may seem ridiculous and wrong. It is not for me to say whether the acquisition of careers, cosmetics, and cocktails has added to the sum of female happiness; but it remains true that in less than a lifetime women have cast off all the fetters laid on them by custom and now enjoy a freedom they have never before experienced in the history of the world.

---

Women can do four things better than men: Dress lightly without catching cold; choose underwear for the opposite sex without embarrassment; write long letters without saying anything; give away the point of a joke long before they get to it.

\* \* \*

Early to bed and early to rise, you'll make enough cash to do otherwise!

\* \* \*

There's one thing a man is never too busy to do, and that is to tell you how busy he is.

# HANDBALL NOTES AND PERSONALITIES

THE Handball Club's latest competition, a handicap in which all of the fifty entrants will meet each other, is going with a real swing.

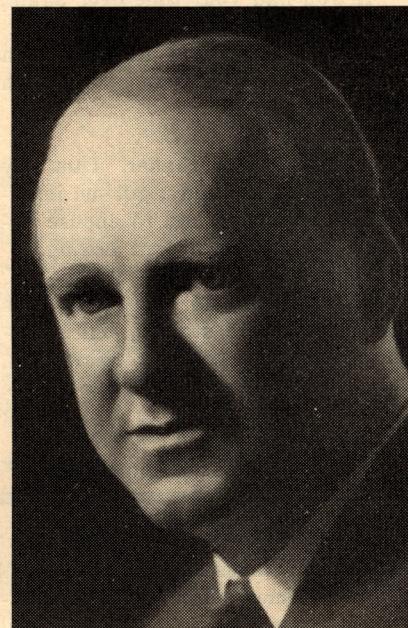
Games are 31 up and the competitor who scores most points will be adjudged the winner. Each player must contest a certain number of games, or points scored in games with him are not counted for or against.

It must be said that the contestants are rallying well and a large number of games have already been played. Actually the Handball Courts

are hives of activity every luncheon hour.

It is altogether too early to try to tip the winner and some of the "mighty" are in for tumbles as the lesser lights learn the game and strike form.

Peter Lindsay has a fine record so far with twelve games, only two of which he has lost, to Eddie Davis



E. E. Davis, Club Handball Champion.

habit of awarding 28 days cells).

Shock troops have become "commandos" and infantry attacks "push alongs;" an aerodrome "a nest," and a ground staff "rousteabuots." Other aerial slang voluminous in its desire to be different shows little promise of permanency. New examples are "pongo" (for Englishman), "zoomers" (air crew); "grid" (planes flying in formation), "grass-hopping" (flying low), "drongo" (rookie) and "yike" an aerial dog-fight.

S AID a handsome young weasel named Herman:  
"Here's a thing I could never determine:

When a gal wears my coat,  
She's a lady of note,  
But when I wear my ermine, I'm  
vermin."

and John Dexter.

Arthur McCamley, on the plus 2 mark, has only lost two out of eight games, his worst defeat being by Lindsay (minus 2), 31-16.

Bruce Partridge (minus 9), put up a remarkably good performance when he beat Club Champion, Eddie Davis (minus 15), by 31-20, a really great effort.

Players are requested to play as many games as they can as early as possible. It is in their own interests to get as much practice as they can as the Club Championships are not far distant.



A. R. McCamley, B Grade Handball Champion.

A Canadian diplomat at U.N.O. suggested that his country mint new coins distinctive of Canada. He thought a buffalo design would be appropriate.

"You mean a bison," said an Australian official. "No I don't," retorted the Canadian, "I mean a buffalo."

"Sorry, my friend," persisted the other, "you mean a bison."

"If I recollect correctly," responded the Canadian icily, "a bison is a receptacle in which an Austrlyun washes his fyce!"

Then there's the story about the Australian soldier who dashed up to the English soldier and said:

"I came here to die; what about you?"

Replied the Englishman: "I came here yesterdie."

# Tale of the Snakes That Got Away

**S**CENE: A Liverpool loft, where sleek-haired, bespectacled, cigarette-smoking Ernie is sweating for his swansong under the expert eyes of his Tarleton brothers-in-law—manager Nel and trainers Joey and George, ex-Loughborough College.

"How do you feel about retiring after 18 years as a pro?"

"Who says I'm retiring? If I beat Hall I shall have a Lonsdale Belt each for my son Barry and my daughter Beryl. But my wife, Edna, and I are awaiting a third arrival in February. Bigger family, more Belts! Incidentally, I've not seen Belt No. 2 yet. About time the Board of Control spent some of their money."

"Ever seen Henry Hall fight?"

"I never go to fights—but I've heard Henry Hall's band."

"Fancy your chances?"

"If I feel good, Henry will look about four feet high. If I don't, he will look nearer ten."

"Think those legs of yours will stand up for 15 rounds?"

"They'll have to. They are the only pair I've got."

**E**rnie Roderick, that Aintree Ancient, rising 35, is said to be retiring after defending his British welterweight championship against the Sheffield blacksmith Henry Hall, at Harringay. I went to Liverpool to see him (wrote George Whiting in London "Evening Standard").

"Getting plenty of roadwork?"

"I have to. Joey has taken the rotor arm out of my car until after the fight."

"If you had your time over again, would you still be a boxer?"

"Yes, but I would not advise a youngster to do the same. Too tough getting to the top."

"How did you start?"

"I began as a runner. Then my teacher, Frank Bundy, got me interested in boxing. I had to choose between the two. I picked boxing."

"Did you win?"

"Yes, at 5st. 7lb. The show was held in a police station, but somebody stole my trousers. New suit, too, with a two-shilling piece in the pocket. I went home in my boxing trunks."

"Remember your first pro. fight?"

"Yes. I got £5 for beating Tony Butcher on points over 10 rounds at Liverpool 17 years ago."

"Who gave you that 'cauliflower' ear?"

"Nel Tarleton. He clipped me when I was training for three fights in one week."

"Any plans for your old age?"

"Buying a pub with a bit of land."

"What do you consider your greatest achievement?"

"I won the Gold Medal for the best average this season. Also the Guernsey Flight."

"Are you talking about boxing?"

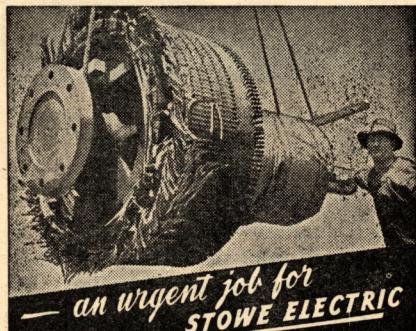
"No, pigeons. I am a member of Liverpool 'Two Bird' Club, the Siamese Cat Club, the local Aquarist Club and Liverpool Canary Club."

"Where do you keep this menagerie?"

"At home at Aintree. I've got pigeons, cats, canaries, tropical fish and a Dalmatian."

"No snakes or elephants?"

"No, somebody stole my elephant. The snakes got away and became managers."



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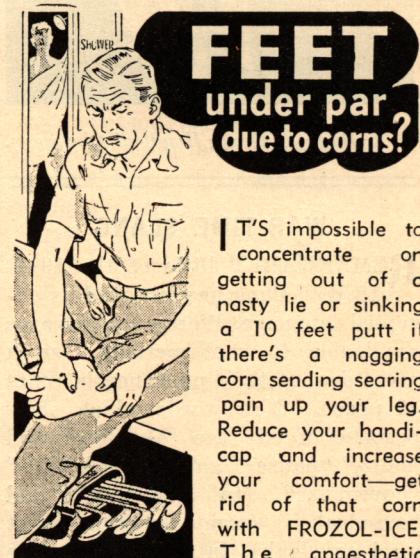
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## THE COLD BATH

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**T**HE waters of the Red Sea are a deep blue, while those of the Black Sea are green. Both seas owe their names to a mistake in translation. In the Orient the four directions are named after different colours, red being used to signify the South, and black the North. Instead of translating the names according to their meaning some topographist of the distant past interpreted them literally and the western nations have carried this error along with them down through the centuries.



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# Memories of The Barb Revived

AMID great excitement another Sydney Cup has gone by the board, adding further interest and lustre to this famous two miles' handicap which was instituted in 1866, when Yattendon was successful. Much water has passed under the bridges in the meantime and some grand contests have been witnessed.

ONE notable feature of the Sydney Cup is that four horses won it twice. They were The Barb, Carbine, Mosaic, and Veiled Threat, and in that sequence.

Carbine, naturally was the outstanding performer of that quartet, but The Barb's second win with 10.8 was an achievement to be wondered at. It was a weight-carrying record. Fortunately these days the A.J.C. Committee has fixed a maximum weight which has called a halt to imposition of burdens which crucify the best horses. It was time this sort of thing was brought to a stop. Even now the maximum topweight is still considered a pound or two excessive.

The Barb won his first Sydney Cup in 1868 with 8.12, and his second a year later; and by a strange coincidence he covered the two miles in exactly the same time, 3 mins. 40 secs., that is looking over old time records.

In years gone by the writer of this story was a fellow journalist of the late Frank Wilkinson ("Martindale") to his many friends and readers. Frank wrote some of the most interesting and authentic turf stories of Australia's early racing, and with the 1949 Sydney Cup recently run it is opportune for referring to the former noted journalist's story of The Barb, known as the "Black Demon."

In describing The Barb as the greatest racehorse of his day, which he undoubtedly was, Frank raised the time honoured question which still runs the turf gauntlet—that in the "good old days of the sixties and seventies the crack racehorses were just as good, some even better than present day equines." He, of course, was writing at the time in the early 1920's.

Some great performances were witnessed, according to Frank's writings, during the 1868-9 season, most sensational of them, The Barb's win-

ning of the Sydney Cup with 10.8. Frank didn't write his references on hearsay or history. He saw the race run. Stumpy was second and Tim Whiffler third. The Barb was favourite at 3 to 1 and towards the end of the race he was eager for more pace. In fact at the home turn he was taken to the front and the rest was easy! His jockey couldn't wait behind as they reached the final three furlongs. Such a move by a jockey to-day, with a horse carrying a big weight, would mean much criticism.

The Barb had gone through three years' hard training and much travelling between the States almost without a spell, and at five years he retired soon after the "greatest achievement performed in the southern hemisphere, his constitution and his legs as unimpaired as if he had been a gentleman all his life." His weight-carrying record is still the best.

## Never Be Equalled

It will never be equalled or beaten as a maximum weight is now set.

The Barb was bred by Mr. George Lee of Bathurst and was by Sir Hercules from Young Guinare by Gohanna from Deception from Theorem from Cutty Sark (imp.), last named being a familiar figure connected with much of the Australian turf history.

The Barb stood 15.2, had short wiry legs and a lean game head, with a slightly roman nose. His first racing appearance was at Homebush. He had hardly been broken in six weeks and was in a "green" state, yet although he bucked and otherwise misbehaved during the race, he ran fairly well. A horse named Blondin was the winner. At next outing The Barb finished third to Traphook and Budelight in A.J.C. Two-Year-Old Stakes. Had he run a straight course he would have won. The Barb then won a Nursery at Randwick beating Fishhook.

The Barb didn't run again until the A.J.C. Derby, which he won easily from Fishhook and Bylong in 2 min. 48½ secs. Strangely enough in those days it was possible to win the classic and then compete in a Maiden Plate, as conditions allowed

such an extraordinary state of affairs to exist. The Barb, however, was defeated in the Maiden Plate won by Bulginbar, due, it was stated at the time, to running in plates. A couple of days later The Barb won the Bruce Stakes conceding 7 lbs. to Fishhook.

The "black demon" was then sent to Melbourne for the Victoria Derby and the Melbourne Cup, for both of which he ruled as favourite. Three weeks before the classic he had a severe illness and the stable horse was given as Falcon. Nevertheless, The Barb, carrying 6.11 (two pounds over), succeeded in the Cup, beating Exile and Falcon. He took charge at the half-mile and remained in front to the finish. Seagull had won the Derby. The tough Cup race beat him in the All-Aged Stakes which went to Sour Grapes.

After winning other races we again find him winning a Maiden Plate at Homebush. He was defeated in A.J.C. St. Leger. He went amiss and it was not until January 1, 1868, that he appeared on the scene once more and cantered away with the Port Phillip Stakes at Flemington.

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# Cricket, Concrete—and Cardus

SIR DONALD BRADMAN'S advice to English cricket authorities—who sought his advice in England as to ways and means of reinvigorating English cricket—evidently displeased Neville Cardus, who, hating to face the reality of laying down concrete wickets in England for boys to practise on—as Bradman suggested—hankers for the “green meadow” days of W. G. Grace. Here is Cardus, flowing melodiously:

“Too much talk is heard at the moment of the externals, the material setting, of cricket. We are now being told that the future of the game (almost!) depends on concrete wickets. No doubt they are better for young boys to practise on than rough, dusty earth; but, when all is said and done, England produced her mightiest and most immortal players without help from concrete.

“Cricket was born in a green meadow; and the bowlers got up early in the morning to select a pitch

with a convenient slant on the brow of a hillock. Concrete!—it sounds as though it were something to do with the building trade. I don't believe ‘W. G.’ would have liked concrete in the Gloucestershire in which he learned his cricket.

“Did Denis Compton practise as a boy on concrete? Obviously not; his batting is as natural and fresh as new-mown grass. It is usually a sign of spiritual weakness whenever mortal endeavour looks overmuch for support and collaboration to external and practical ‘aids to efficiency.’

“We are usually betrayed — to quote George Meredith—by what is false within. The vision, the ideal is everything. A cricketer is as good as his dreams. Nobody wants to see English playing manufactured to a type reliable as—concrete!”

## ORIGIN OF THE ASHES

SIR RUPERT CLARKE, who inherited a fortune of over £1,000,000 at the age of seven, may decide to settle in Australia. His grandfather, the late Sir William Clarke, was a pioneer. Sir William, known as “Big Clarke,” grew tired of his life as an Aldgate butcher and emigrated to Australia. He bought a modest pro-

perty near Melbourne which acquired sudden and fabulous value through the discovery of gold. With his money he created the huge feudal state of Rupertswood.

It was at Rupertswood that the “Ashes” originated. Mr. Ivo Bligh, captain of the English Test team, was staying there with Sir William Clarke when it was suggested that the teams should play for some trophy. Lady Clarke fetched a cricket ball, burned it and collected the ashes. “Play for these,” she said. The two countries have played for them ever since.

JORROCKS was the Phar Lap of his day. He must have been a mighty racehorse, with tremendous courage and hardiness. Jorrocks started in 88 races. He was first 58 times, second 20 times, and third four times. In those 88 races he covered 290 miles, but, in order to run the 290 miles, he had to walk over 5,762 miles. Jorrocks won £3,185 in stakes, which is really an amazing aggregate for those days of long ago.

\* \* \*

It's better to keep your mind on your work than your work on your mind.



WIND, sun and strain leave the eyes very sore and bloodshot after an afternoon at the course or links. Just put two drops of Murine in each eye and get quick relief. Murine's seven special ingredients wash away irritation . . . your eyes feel and look refreshed and soothed. Next time you're at the Club Barber Shop ask for a free trial treatment of Murine. . . . Then you're sure to want to buy a bottle from the 1st Floor Store or any chemist—price 3/-.



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# CAMERA-SHY HORSE LOST A GREAT GAMBLE

I WOULD never recommend going to Manchester during November in search of a sunshine holiday, but that is exactly what crack jockey Sammy Wragg did 15 years ago.

His strange bid ended in a desperately unlucky failure and it produced one of the greatest big race dramas of all time.

He had to ride that grand all-rounder — flat racer, hurdler and steeplechaser, and winner in all departments—Free Fare.

And Free Fare's owner, Mr. Ben Warner, had backed the horse to win him a fortune commonly believed to be in the six-figure realm.

Free Fare was a very reliable old horse, and Sam Wragg rode him with success on the flat, and, when the horse and rider went to Manchester, the whole party was very confident of landing another outsize gamble.

Sam and Mrs. Wragg had been promised a free holiday in South Africa if Free Fare won, and Mr. Warner, who was to have acted as host, was taking members of his family.

## Only 50 yards away

How the gamble came unstuck when all appeared in safe keeping, and how the usually reliable and straight-running Free Fare swerved away from victory and a fortune within 50 yards of the winning post was told me by Sammy during the last Newmarket meeting.

I think it is the first time the real story of that dramatic swerve has been told, but it lost nothing by its age as Sam, leaning against the fireplace of the Craven Club lounge, cast his mind back to that bleak November day 15 years ago.

"I had the race well won," he told me, "and would have come home a winner when a man with a camera on the rails frightened Free Fare, who swerved right across the course, from the far side to the stand side.

"So severe was the swerve that I thought he would turn completely round. I righted him, and he was flying at the finish, but he just failed

to overhaul Jean's Dream, on whom Johnny Dines had made the running in the straight.

"Free Fare must have remembered the camera incident, for in the November Handicap the following year, when he was ridden by my brother Harry, he again swerved at the same spot, although there was no camera this time, and he finished third to Pip Emma and Jesmond Dene.

"In the 1935 November Handicap, however, Free Fare did not swerve and he won, and I duly had my holiday in the sunshine that winter, but it was in Jamaica and not South Africa."

## In the lead

I asked Johnny Dines to help refresh my memory about that hectic day, and he differs in some respects from Sam Wragg.

Johnny, who has a truly modern stable on Epsom Downs, gave me a slightly different version of the race.

"I took the lead about half a furlong in the home straight," he said, "and was actually in the lead at the time Free Fare's swerve occurred.

"I did not see a man with a camera, and the impression I formed at the time was that both Free Fare and Sam were surprised to find my horse, Jean's Dream, could pull out something more than they anticipated when they challenged me.

"I thought that caused Free Fare to swerve, but, at any rate, whatever the cause, Free Fare was an unlucky loser."

It was only in those two fateful November Handicaps at Manchester that Free Fare ever swerved.

I saw him race many times, and he jibbed at nothing, fence, hurdle, shadow or stiff finish, and he usually had big weights to carry over timber, because he was one of the best jumpers of his time.

But horses have long memories, and there are many instances on record where they have taken a dislike to an obstacle or a certain place on certain racecourses, and there's very little the jockey can do about it.

## Straight and true

After Free Fare had won the 1935 November Handicap by five lengths from the late Lord Derby's Thraptton, Mr. Warner told how he had given Sam Wragg orders which he thought would avoid a third fatal swerve, but, in the event, I doubt whether even Mr. Warner's shrewdness really saved the situation.

Free Fare, himself, either had forgotten the camera, or had decided it was not worth remembering, because he ran straight and true, and landed Mr. Warner's gamble, which, as he ruefully told us afterwards, was nothing like the size of his plunge in 1933.

"When Sammy got up on the horse to-day," the owner told a group congratulating him after the victory "I told him to forget the two previous swerves and, if possible, to keep another horse between him and the rails as long as he could.

"When Free Fare came out into the lead, however, and was apparently winning easily, I was very much afraid he would swerve again, but he ran his race through like a hero."

## Fate's part

Exactly what parts luck and judgment play respectively on the Turf is anybody's guess, but it occurs to me that Free Fare may have been luckier than even the swerve made him in 1933.

His path to success in 1935 was partly cleared before the race because Pegomas, well-backed second favourite, and very well equipped to land a popular local gamble for the Bolton trainer, Willie Carr, was not declared a runner through a misunderstanding.

Carr had wanted another person to make the formal declaration, and the "other person" had thought Carr was going to do so.

The result was that, when the mistake was discovered, it was six minutes too late for the clerk of the scales to receive formal notification.

With Pegomas out of the road, Free Fare's task was certainly made lighter. "Sunday Graphic" (Eng.).

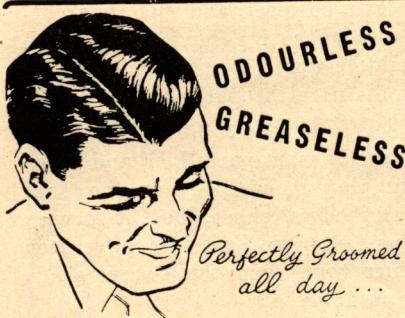
# KISS—AND DON'T TELL

A petite housewife has come up with the "absolute weapon" against lipstick smears. Listen to the tale as unfolded by Terence Barton in "Magazine Digest."

"I FIGURE," said the Manhattan taxi driver, "that I've seen everything in 25 years of hacking. But this one really has me stopped cold. I'm driving a couple through the park when I hear the girl say, 'You may kiss me, George.' I can see, without exactly looking, you understand, that she's all puckered and waiting. But what you think this George does? He whips out a little bottle and a brush and paints her lips. Then he kisses her . . ."

George isn't really a slow man with a kiss. But he's a pioneer, and it is often the fate of pioneers to be misunderstood. However, the Kiss Test Club, of which George is a charter member, hopes to enlist 1,000,000 members this year, all dedicated to the proposition: "Lips that leave lipstick will never touch mine."

The club started with some in-



A FEW DROPS of Velmol rubbed through the hair in the morning and you can forget it for the rest of the day—you'll be as smart and well groomed at five as you were at nine. Velmol gives your hair that natural, healthy lustre so unlike the "concrete-board" effect of greasy, gummy brilliantines and fixatives. Buy a bottle of Velmol from the 1st Floor Club Store or any chemist—price, 2/3.

## VELMOL

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formal grumbling at Nick Quattrociocchi's famed El Borracho night club. George pointed to a lipstick-smeared collar. "Branded!" he moaned. "And I've got a heavy date in half an hour. Fifi will take one look at me, make a nasty crack, and walk out of my life."

"You think you have trouble," said Nick. "Look at me. It's three times harder to wash glasses and cups stained with lipstick—my dishwashers are all the time wanting more pay because they have to wash off lipstick. 'Look,' I tell them, 'you know who made that stain? Lana Turner! Ingrid Bergman.' But they don't care. They want more money even to wash off Lana's lipstick."

Arthur Godfrey, the bad boy of radio, leered wickedly. "Wish I had a lipstick manufacturer for a sponsor," he mused. "What a mess I could make of the commercials!"

Eugene Armand, who makes a more than comfortable living creating gowns for upper-bracket ladies, waved a deprecatory hand. "Lipstick," he said, "really costs me money. About one dress in five tried on in my salon emerges with a lipstick smear and has to be sent out for a very special—and expensive—dry cleaning job."

### The Solution

"The solution," said Russell Patterson, the artist (who never drew a girl without lipstick in his life), "is simple. Let us start a campaign against women who wear lipstick . . ."

Ham Fisher, the comic-stripper, and Dennis James, television commentator, shuddered. "No!" they chorused, "not that!"

And so the inaugural meeting of the Kiss Test Club broke up in deadlock. But at the second meeting Nick introduced the members to Mrs. Fanny Roberts Heyman, a petite New York housewife. Mrs. Heyman, it turned out, was a sworn enemy of misplaced lipstick. "Probably," she smiled, "for different reasons than you wolv . . . er, gentlemen. I just hate to see lipstick come off on everything."

Mrs. Heyman had taken her problem to a research chemist of her acquaintance, had badgered the poor man and collaborated with him until they devised a solution.

The solution (formula a secret) is a clear liquid called Lip-Stae (advt.) which is applied over any lipstick and dries in two minutes to become a fixative, keeping the lipstick fresh, smooth, and where it belongs—on a woman's lips.

Mrs. Heyman handed out samples to the members, who decided to hold a research session immediately. Fifi, George's girl, agreed readily—too readily, George considered—to act as guinea pig. Each of the members (the bachelor members, that is) was given three runs over the course.

After the grueling test, Fifi complained of slight exhaustion and was revived with a large steak, a double order of French fries and champagne (all on the house, Nick insisted).

The result of 12 assorted kisses and the light snack was: No lipstick on male faces, collars or shirts, no smears on tableware or glass!

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## Golf Notes

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

### GRAND SNOOKER TOURNAMENT, 1949

#### RESULT OF FIRST ROUND

J. W. Melville	Rec.	55	beat	A. Page	Rec.	55	by	49
J. Harris	"	50	"	A. H. Charleston	"	55	"	14
W. A. McDonald	"	60	"	F. E. Headlam	"	35	Forfeit	
B. M. Norris	"	25	"	D. J. Ford	"	45	"	11
R. Rattray	"	35	"	F. Vockler	"	15	"	14
E. A. Davis	"	20	"	R. Price	"	50	"	8
D. F. Graham	"	50	"	W. Lieberman	"	50	"	62
R. R. Doyle	"	50	"	J. A. Williams	"	45	Forfeit	
J. W. Douglass	"	45	"	R. L. Ball	"	50	Forfeit	
F. Ezzy	"	50	"	D. Lake	"	45	Forfeit	
W. G. Harris	"	55	"	A. M. Cattanach	"	35	by	20
N. Seamonds	"	55	"	E. R. Purves	"	50	Forfeit	
A. T. Norton	"	55	"	A. M. Watson	"	40	by	6
N. R. Plomley	"	30	"	R. Symonds	"	50	"	28
K. F. E. Fidden	"	30	"	L. J. Haigh	"	40	"	21
G. J. C. Moore	"	50	"	W. P. Keighery	"	40	"	53
E. N. Welch	"	50	"	A. F. Eastment	"	50	"	13
W. Askew	"	45	"	A. J. Howarth	"	45	"	23
W. S. Edwards	"	50	"	R. H. Alderson	"	30	"	53
C. L. Parker	"	50	"	A. C. Gelling	"	55	"	9
C. K. McDonald	"	45	"	W. R. Dovey	"	50	"	50
A. J. Chown	"	20	"	C. J. Manning	"	40	"	49
J. L. Hughes	"	50	"	W. M. Hannan	"	50	"	28
J. A. Craig	"	45	"	J. W. Anderson	"	50	"	27
T. E. Sweet	"	60	"	A. Buck	"	50	Forfeit	
W. Longworth	"	10	"	E. W. Abbott	"	50	by	22
E. K. White	"	50	"	D. Lotherington	"	55	Forfeit	
A. A. Ray	"	50	"	E. S. Pointing	"	40	Forfeit	
E. E. Davis	"	50	"	A. E. Stutchbury	"	60	"	44
G. R. Bryden	"	30	"	S. E. Chatterton	"	40	"	14
J. I. Armstrong	"	55	"	A. J. McGill	"	45	"	10
H. F. Kent	"	40	"	C. F. Scarf	"	40	"	34
I. Green	"	55	"	K. B. Hunt	"	50	"	40
L. R. Flack	"	45	"	A. K. Quist	"	50	Forfeit	
S. Peters	"	50	"	C. Cohen	"	35	by	15
A. R. Buckle	"	45	"	M. Lloyd Jones	"	40	"	53
C. O. Chambers	"	45	"	A. H. Stocks	"	55	"	11
P. J. Schwarz	"	40	"	R. Hutchinson	"	55	"	8

### GRAND BILLIARDS TOURNAMENT, 1949

#### RESULT OF FIRST ROUND

A. J. Chown	Owes	20	beat	S. Peters	Rec.	80	by	17
A. J. Howarth	Rec.	100	"	J. Stapleton	"	60	"	94
E. N. Welch	"	115	"	R. Price	"	100	"	40
H. F. Kent	"	80	"	G. H. Booth	"	125	"	67
A. R. Buckle	"	75	"	N. Seamonds	"	160	"	16
C. J. Manning	"	110	"	W. A. McDonald	"	150	"	1
L. R. Flack	"	90	"	H. Hill	"	80	"	16
G. Fienberg	Scratch	"		R. Mead	"	110	"	2
W. Longworth	Owes	100	"	N. R. Plomley	"	50	"	11
F. Vockler	"	25	"	C. Cohen	"	80	"	49
C. O. Chambers	Rec.	125	"	W. Laforest	"	80	Forfeit	
J. A. Roles	"	100	"	W. S. Edwards	"	125	by	50
J. I. Armstrong	"	120	"	J. A. Shaw	"	100	"	7
J. Eaton	"	80	"	K. F. E. Fidden	"	75	"	14
W. T. Kerr	"	175	"	A. E. Stutchbury	"	160	"	16
P. J. Schwarz	"	80	"	W. M. Hannan	"	115	"	31
W. P. Keighery	"	100	"	R. R. Doyle	"	140	Forfeit	
C. L. Parker	"	120	"	A. J. McGill	"	80	Forfeit	
J. Harris	"	100	"	A. Buck	"	110	by	7
L. J. Haigh	"	90	"	H. J. Robertson	Owes	100	"	120

The next outing of the Golf Club will be held at Bonnie Doon on Thursday, 23rd June, and Members are asked to contact the Hon. Secretary, Mr. S. Peters, and advise him whether they will be present.

A Stroke Round will be played. Mr. A. C. Ingham has kindly donated a replica of the "A. C. Ingham Cup," to be played for and the first competition in the series will be held in conjunction with the Stroke event.

Three very fine trophies have been donated for competition amongst Members and an excellent day's golfing is anticipated.

Members and intending Members can place their names on the Notice Board in the Club.

WE extend our sympathy to Mr. Justice de Baun on the death of his mother.

\* \* \*

WALTER CAVILL, travelling abroad, sends his good wishes to club friends.

\* \* \*

WE extend our sympathy to clubman F. C. Hidden on the death of his father, who served with the 19th Battalion in World War I and, previously, as a member of the N.S.W. Naval Contingent in the Boxer Rebellion.

A man entered an estate agent's office. "I know there is no possible chance of getting a house or flat," he said, "but will you please put me on the waiting list?"

"Sorry, I can't do that," replied the agent. "The waiting list is full, but as a favour I'll put you on the list of people waiting to go on the waiting list."

\* \* \*

Wife (shopping for a new hat): "Do you like this turned down, dear?"

Husband: "How much is it?"

Wife: "Twenty-five guineas."

Husband: "Yes, by all means turn it down."

# Night Racing For Thoroughbreds?

It isn't easy to bring about radical changes in racing, as for instance, an alteration from day to night sport! Leading Australian executives wouldn't hear of such a suggestion, but such a sweeping change mightn't be so far off. It is possible America will show the way in this direction.

IN most parts of the turf world those in charge of the sport belong to a conservative group and it takes a lot to get away from established custom. Therefore it doesn't surprise to find that any mention of night racing for thoroughbreds has always met with a cold reception. Australia is no different from other countries on this question.

Sydney Turf Club is one executive to introduce changes all for the good of racing, but no consideration whatever has been given to night sport by any leading Australian authority.

Yet it must be noted that night trotting has been carried out most successfully in Western Australia, South Australia and in Victoria. When this went to press N.S.W. was about to embark on this branch of night racing, and there was every indication that it would prove equally as successful as in the other capitals

where huge attendances and glamorous racing has been the order.

First impression of night trotting leaves an indelible mark on patrons who usually become Saturday night regulars. The sport is well conducted and is in charge of men of high repute in the racing and trotting world. No stone is left unturned to see that the racing is maintained at a high level and free from crookedness. The trotting people are doing a big and successful job.

This magazine is not in any way advocating or suggesting night racing of thoroughbreds, it is simply making a commentary of what is happening elsewhere and referring to a general suggestion for night galloping made by a prominent American turf writer.

Night trots are run in other parts of the world, while in U.S.A., in addition to trotting, baseball, football, and tennis are all conducted under electric light. Lastnamed two, especially tennis, has long been played after dark in Australia though football (competitive) has yet to make headway. Greyhound racing successfully introduced in Sydney many years ago, is still a foremost night sport and has held its followers against night trots in other parts of the continent. It will be interesting to see how the greyhounds shape against trotting at night in Sydney.

America made the change-over from day to night sport without any apparent loss in quality of the show and with considerable gain in the financial end of the business.

In Australia, of course, baseball is not a national game and is restricted to day play, while football, after sundown, is in the infancy stage. It has yet to catch the imagination but will find it tough going against trotting and greyhound racing. In America, according to a noted sports writer, it was found that most of the baseball world, or at any rate the major league portion, was opposed to the idea of night ball. In the major leagues the shift to night games was gradual but now even the die-hard opponents play under the stars. It is possible bookmakers would not appreciate night racing as some of their customers, who hardly ever get to see a race now, might find their way to the totalisator or, as in U.S.A., mutual windows.

As racing has found out upon occasions in the past, the American experience is that there can be too much racing. Opponents of night racing can point out that some of the extra customers who would be attracted in the evening might be better off if they stayed away from the track. At the same time it probably is true that these fellows would easily find some other way to dispose of their extra money.

No one has ever devised any fool-proof scheme for saving money for a man who does not have the urge to do this for himself.

In most, if not all present racing sectors, there are already enough days (in America) devoted to the thoroughbred. If night racing is ever given a trial it certainly should be as a substitute for daytime dates and not as an addition thereto.

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# 75-ROUND EPIC ENCOUNTER

For action, wallop and drama, the Sullivan-Kilrain bare-knuckle marathon fight has never been equalled. John Durant told the story in "Look," and here is portion of it from the condensed report in "Digest of World Reading."

EVERYBODY in New Orleans knew the fight was coming off. "John L. Sullivan vs. Jake Kilrain for the championship and 10,000 dol. side!" Only a few insiders knew when and where. The time and place of battle had to be kept secret until the last minute. Louisiana law prescribed a year in gaol for participants in a prize fight. New Orleans would have sanctioned a boxing match, "an exhibition of the manly art of self-defence," as glove contests then were billed. But Sullivan-Kilrain was to be no fancy Queensberry rules affair.

This was going to be a real fight under London Prize Ring rules. A bare-knuckle go on turf, with a round ending only when a man went down. A fight to a finish.

In defiance of the law, John Lawrence Sullivan arrived in New Orleans at noon on July 4, 1889. Hundreds of cheering fans mobbed the station to greet the Boston Strong Boy. They released the horses from his carriage and hauled him by hand to his boarding house. Seven years before, Sullivan had won the championship by knocking out Paddy Ryan. "I can lick any man born of woman!" he bellowed. And nobody doubted him.

But he was also trying to prove he could outdrink any man born of woman. Only a year before the meeting with Kilrain his prestige suffered when he fought a miserable 39-round draw with 165-pound Charlie Mitchell, holder of the English championship belt. After that, he lived riotously for months. He drank whisky at his meals, quaffing it from a stein like a man drinking ale. He sported around with his girl, Ann Livingston, the burlesque queen. He was a sick and bloated 240 pounds when he went to Muldoon's farm at Belfast in May, 1889, to get ready for Kilrain.

The fans knew Jake Kilrain (John Joseph Killion), would be in shape. Jake weighed 195 and was 30, a year younger than John L. He was a tough-knuckle fighter, a good boxer and wrestler, fast, game and durable.

But he couldn't hit like Sullivan. Who could? Kilrain had recently fought a 106-round draw with Jem Smith, the Britisher, who was considered the real champion of England, despite Mitchell's belt.

For three days, Sullivan and Kilrain stayed in New Orleans waiting for the promoters to name the time and place. The town seethed with rumours. Then, suddenly the word was passed.

Sunday afternoon at four-o'clock a three-car special left New Orleans. The forward car carried Kilrain and his seconds: Mike Donovan and Charlie Mitchell. In the middle-car rode Captain Jameson and his bully-boys, a group of armed roughnecks the promoters had hired to keep order. In the rear car, John L. Sullivan sat in dour silence, the ever watchful Muldoon at his side. With them was Charley Johnston, the champion's chief backer, who had covered Fox's side bet of 10,000 dollars.

## Finally Chugged

The train finally chugged to a halt 103 miles north of New Orleans, at the tiny village of Richburg. On the estate of Col. Charles W. Rich, a wealthy lumber operator, Sullivan fought Kilrain.

A collection of sports, gamblers, thugs and a few businessmen made up the crowd of 3,000. There wasn't a woman there. The price of seats ranged from 15 dol. ringside to 2 dol. grandstand, and the gate came to 24,830 dollars. The promoters and backers split the amount after expenses. The size of the gate meant nothing to Sullivan and Kilrain. They knew the winner's share would be a cut of his backer's side bet and his own bet. The loser would get nothing, except possibly the contents of a charitable hat passed after the battle.

Sullivan strode through the crowd, scowling as usual, and looking tremendous in a big, rug-like coat. He was smooth-shaven and his head was clipped like a convict's.

After some preliminary haggling, the opposing corners agreed on

John Fitzpatrick, future mayor of New Orleans, as referee. "A round ends," he said, "only when a man goes down from a blow or a wrestling fall. Handlers have 38 seconds to help an unconscious man to his corner, revive him and get him to scratch. If he fails to make it on time, he loses the fight."

At the end of the 75th round, a doctor told Mike Donovan: "If you keep sending Kilrain out, he will die." Donovan tossed in the sponge to end the two-and-a-quarter-hour marathon. Beaten as he was, the game Kilrain would have come to scratch on his hands and knees. When he saw Donovan acknowledge defeat, Jake wept like a schoolgirl.

Sullivan walked across the ring and challenged Charlie Mitchell to step in and have it out right then and there. But the crowd stormed the ring, lifted John L. to their shoulders, and carried him to the railroad tracks.

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## Billy Rose tells of "A Close Shave"

I USED to get my haircuts in an East Side barbershop run by a gent named Dominic Constantino. Since Dominic went easy on both clippers and conversation his tips were large, and his weekly drag-down was sufficient to provide the rent and ravioli for his wife and bambinos. And even, on occasion, to contribute a few bucks to his good-natured, but chronically jobless brother, Antonio.

Antonio was one of those seldom-do-wells who hung around the fringes of the big floating crap games of the era, making big talk and little side bets. And it was at one of these games that he got into an argument over a 10 dollar bill and threw a punch at a beady-eyed bum known to the mayhem trade as Three-Fingered Louie.

Louie said nothing, but two pin-points of colour appeared on his high cheek bones, and next morning nobody was particularly surprised

when Antonio's body was found with a thin, tight wire around the neck.

When Dominic heard of his brother's demise, he closed his shop for three days out of respect for the dead, and because, as he put it, "I no trusta myself widda razor." And when he reopened, he told every customer who would listen how he would cut Louie up and down if he ever got him into a barber's chair.

His clientele advised him to pipe down if he didn't want the thin-wire treatment himself, and pointed out that Louie was personal bodyguard for Big Joe Raspberry, who manufactured most of the imported whisky sold in the uptown clubs. But Dominic went right on blowing his top, and after a while the barber's threats got to be something of a neighbourhood joke.

A joke, that is, to everybody but the gent with the three fingers. One afternoon Louie walked into the barber shop, yanked a half-shaved

customer out of the chair and plopped himself down.

"I hear ya been talkin' big about watcha do if ya get me inna chair," he said. "Here's ya chance. Once ovah fast, an' remember, I godda tenda skin."

The ousted customer and several others who were waiting settled back to watch. Under the barber's white sheet they could see the outline of the gun in Louie's lap and as Dominic honed up a straight razor there wasn't much breathing in the shop.

For the next few minutes the gangster's eyes followed every move of the barber's hand, like iron filings toddling after a magnet. But the shave was an uneventful one—even the delicate work around the Adam's apple didn't draw a drop of blood—and when Dominic finally sponged off Louie's face, patted it with bay rum and took off the sheet, the gunman stood up and tossed a half-dollar in the direction of the cash register.

"Keep th' change," he said.

"Don' wanna no change," said Dominic, handing him a quarter from the drawer.

But as Louie reached out for the coin the barber grabbed his arm, ripped open his coat, snatched the gun from its holster and sent it skidding along the floor.

"Inside, customa is always right," he muttered as he dragged the hoodlum out to the sidewalk, "but outside you ain't no customa."

And then, using his knees to good advantage, he collapsed Louie on his back and began paradiddling his skull against the base of his barber pole. And kept it up until the hoodlum's head looked like the makings for a meat loaf.

A few days later a black sedan with drawn shades drove slowly past Dominic's shop, and a clip of tommy-gun bullets shattered the plate-glass window. But fortunately everybody had hit the floor in time and there were no casualties.

That night Dominic sent his family to visit some relatives in East Orange, and next morning the shop opened as per usual, except for the rough boards which he had nailed up in place of the plate-glass window. But naturally trade fell off, and the

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few customers who continued to patronise the establishment decided to call it a day when somebody heaved a stench bomb through the door.

Dominic, however, kept his scissors sharp and his barber pole revolving, and assured his friends it was only a matter of time before business picked up again.

And he was right—customers began flocking back to his shop the morning that Three-Fingered Louie was found in an alley, a neat red hole in his forehead. The police figured Louie was a gang war victim and listed the killing as unfinished but satisfactory business, but the East Side had a different theory, and there was much winking and whispering in the neighbourhood, particularly when Dominic brought his family back from East Orange.

All went well until the next black sedan pulled up in front of the tonsorial parlour. This time it was Big Joe Raspberry himself.

"I unmastan yer the guy beat up Tree-Finga," he said. "Likewise I unnerstan' ya put a hole in his head."

"Not me, boss," said Dominic. "I ain't even gotta gun."

#### WAY I HEAR IT

"The way I hear it, ya got Louie's gun," said Raspberry, "but it's okay wid me. Dat Louie wuza excitable fella, and he always made me noxious. I jus' come in ta tell ya ya gotta new job. Ya woikin' for me."

"No, boss," said Dominic. "I lika my shop. Besides, I gotta family."

"Ya don' unmastan," explained Big Joe patiently. "People is talkin'. Dey say ya beat up my bodyguard an' den shoot 'im. Well, unless I putcha on my payroll, I lose respeck."

"Sorry, boss," said Dominic firmly, "but I worka here."

Big Joe Raspberry stared at the roly-poly barber. Then he made one of those quick decisions which all leaders of men feel called upon to make occasionally. He took off his coat and eased himself into the barber's chair.

"Gimme a shave," he commanded. Yer woikin' fer me. From now on yer my barba."

After that, naturally, nobody bothered Dominic again.

# Does Astrology Matter?

IN 1914 shortly before the first world-war which caused a rerudescence of all superstitions, the late Dr. Charles Arthur Mercier said in his Fitzpatrick lecture to the Royal College of Physicians: "Astrology is now utterly extinct." How completely mistaken he was has been revealed by Mr. Tom Harrisson, founder of "Mass Observation," now again at work in Borneo, who started to investigate the social anthropology of the natives of the British islands and found that "nearly two-thirds of their adult population glance at or read some astrological feature more or less regularly.

About four out of ten have some degree of belief or interest in astrology. . . . Interest and belief have tended steadily to increase since the war."

Even in this time of paper scarcity, "Old Moore's Almanac and special astrological periodicals sell in millions of copies. So does a Sunday paper which combines a regular astrological column with a full report of all the crimes investigated or judged in the course of the last week. In the United States the situation is even more grotesque: one hundred and sixty-two newspapers print daily horoscopes, and one astrological annual, "The Moon Sign Book," has a circulation of a million copies. Twenty-five thousand astrologers are registered and practising alongside another eighty thousand esti-

mated to be card-scrutinising and crystal-gazing.

You will ask yourselves, what does it matter? That great, wise and humane poet Goethe has said "such fanciful ideas . . . come naturally to us and are as tolerable and as questionable as any other faith." But Mr. Tom Harrisson has pointed out that astrological fatalism teaches the masses that the people who come to the top rise because they have been born at the right moments—"the fortunate aristocrats of time." It thus fosters the desire for the "world-saviour," the "Man of Destiny," the "Fuhrer" or "Duce" to lead us to a new heaven and a new earth, for the new Sargon of Accad, fated to rule the whole world. It favours the adventurer and knight of fortune in politics at the expense of the hard-working, enlightened liberal statesman of the type of "honest John" Morley and thus prepares the ground for fascism and totalitarianism, the worst enemies of our more and more threatened freedom.

A Lawyer was questioning a farmer about the truthfulness of a neighbour. "Wal," said the farmer, "I wouldn't exactly say he was a liar, but I tell ye, when it comes time to feed his hogs, he has to git somebody else to call 'em for him."

A SHIPWRECKED soldier was washed up on a small Pacific island. He was terrified at the thought of cannibals, and explored with the utmost stealth. Discovering a thin wisp of smoke above the scrub, he crawled towards it fearfully, in apprehension that it might be from a camp fire of savages. But as he came close, a voice rang out sharply:

"Why in hell did you play that card?"

The castaway, already on his knees, raised his hands in devout thanksgiving.

"Thank heavens," he exclaimed brokenly, "they're Christians!"

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# AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

## 1949

### DATES FOR RACING FIXTURES

#### JUNE.

Australian Jockey Club ....	Mon. 13
Sydney Turf Club ....	Sat. 18 (At Moorefield)
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ....	Sat. 25 (At Randwick)

#### JULY.

Australian Jockey Club ....	Sat. 2
Sydney Turf Club ....	Sat. 9 (At Canterbury Park)
Sydney Turf Club ....	Sat. 16 (At Canterbury Park)
Sydney Turf Club ....	Sat. 23 (At Rosehill)
Sydney Turf Club ....	Sat. 30 (At Rosehill)

#### AUGUST.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ....	Mon. 1 (At Randwick)
Sydney Turf Club ....	Sat. 6 (At Canterbury Park)
Sydney Turf Club ....	Sat. 13 (At Canterbury Park)
Hawkesbury Racing Club ....	Sat. 20 (At Rosehill)
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ....	Sat. 27 (At Randwick)

#### SEPTEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club ....	Sat. 3 (At Canterbury Park)
<b>Tattersall's Club</b> ....	<b>Sat. 10</b> (At Randwick)
Sydney Turf Club ....	Sat. 17 (At Rosehill)
Sydney Turf Club	Sat. 24 (At Rosehill)

#### OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club ....	Sat. 1
Australian Jockey Club ....	Mon. 3
Australian Jockey Club ....	Wed. 5
Australian Jockey Club ....	Sat. 8
City Tattersall's Club ....	Sat. 15 (At Randwick)
Sydney Turf Club ....	Sat. 22 (At Rosehill)
Sydney Turf Club ....	Sat. 29 (At Moorefield)

#### NOVEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club ....	Sat. 5 (At Canterbury Park)
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ....	Sat. 12 (At Randwick)
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ....	Sat. 19 (At Randwick)
Sydney Turf Club ....	Sat. 26 (At Canterbury Park)

#### DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ....	Sat. 3 (At Randwick)
Sydney Turf Club ....	Sat. 10 (At Rosehill)
Sydney Turf Club ....	Sat. 17 (At Rosehill)
Australian Jockey Club ....	Sat. 24
Australian Jockey Club ....	Mon. 26
Australian Jockey Club ....	Tues. 27
<b>Tattersall's Club</b> ....	<b>Sat. 31</b> (At Randwick)

#### BROWN JACK'S HEART

THE famous stout heart of Brown Jack, report experts who carried out a post-mortem examination of the horse, weighed 19 lb. This is well above the average. Although much depends on the type of horse it is usually about 10 lb., a London veterinary surgeon told me recently.

The surgeon's view is that an enlarged and heavier heart—not altogether rare in racehorses—is usually due to some sort of heart disease brought about by constant strain in racing. More muscles are developed to meet the increased demands put upon the heart and this adds to the weight.

One of the most popular racehorses ever, Brown Jack died in retirement recently at the age of 25. Six times beginning in 1929 and ridden by Steve Donoghue, he won the longest flat race in Britain, Ascot's Queen Alexandra Stakes, of more than two and three-quarter miles.

\* \* \*

"IF you're looking for my husband," said the woman. He's gone fishing. Just walk down to the dock and look for a pole with a worm on each end."

\* \* \*

A MOTHER had to take her six-year-old daughter to be examined by an eye-specialist and determined to get there before the waiting room was jammed with customers. They arrived promptly at nine o'clock and at 11.30 they were still waiting, the doctor having been delayed.

Meanwhile, the nurse flitted about putting drops in patients' eyes, finding chairs for those of weaker vision, and admitting callers till the room was full.

In the way of waiting rooms, nobody said a word, and the silence grew so oppressive that even the six-year-old spoke in the faintest whisper when she wanted to communicate with her mother.

"Pardon?" asked the mother, then after another soundless whisper—"Speak up, dear, whispering isn't at all polite."

The child cleared her throat: "I said—you're stomach's rolling."

\* \* \*

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